

## Fuck or Fight

"Fuck or fight?"

"What?"

"Fuck or fight?!"

"What does that mean?"

"It's like 'fight-or-flee,' except it's 'fuck or fight.'"

"Oh, okay. Well, fuck."

"Why?"

"Why am I choosing 'fuck'?"

"Yeah."

"It's the first thing that came to my head."

"No, no, there should be a more careful process when it comes to selecting 'fuck or fight.'"

"Well, I'm still choosing 'fuck.'"

"If you had to give me answer, why?"

"Because I feel like fucking."

"Funny. No but really."

"Hmm..."

"And besides what you said isn't even true."

"How do you know I don't feel like fucking?"

"Because I know you, Attallah. I like to pretend you don't even know what sex is."

"The answer is still 'fuck.'"

"Okay, well my answer is 'fuck' too, but for different reasons."

"Oh?"

"Yeah. I believe 'fuck or fight' is hardwired into me. I didn't know what it was until I learned the name from somewhere. Until someone gave it a name could I know what it was; I'm sure that means something to a nominalist somewhere. But I sometimes get into these really stressful situations, like when I'm about to give a speech or a presentation, or I know I'm about to see someone I don't want to see, and I can feel my...well, nevermind."

"What are you going to say?"

"I mean, will I offend you? If I use the word 'dick'?"

"No, no, I mean, eww, but no."

"Eww? What do you mean eww?"

"I just don't want to associate that word with you."

"Dammit."

"No, now you're turning what I said into something else."

"I was just joking. I know what you meant. But really, the word 'dick' and me can't coexist?"

"No, it can."

"I was hoping it would be something you couldn't stop thinking about."

"Ha ha ha. Ha. Ha. Ha."

"No, but anyway, I can feel my dick shriveling up. I'm officially entering 'fight' mode at those moments."

"When was the last time you were in 'fight' mode?"

"Right now."

"Right now, right now?"

"Yeah, walking past Victor."

"How many times do I have to tell you we're not together in that way anymore? I mean...you know how I feel about him. I'm really upset with him right now."

"I don't even know why it bothers me, I mean, he's a cool guy."

"If that's what your dick does when you pass him..."

"Not every time I pass him, just when I pass him when I'm with you."

“But even still, why does it matter?”

“It must be an evolutionary thing. I mean, yeah, it must really be apparent then.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, obviously my dick shrivels around him when I’m with you because I’m in ‘fight’ mode.”

“So your other option is ‘fuck’?”

“Yeah.”

“So it’s either ‘fuck or fight’ all the time...?”

“I mean I want to fight him...well shit, now I’ve painted myself into a corner.”

“Because you want to fuck me?”

“Yeah! I mean, no. But from an evolutionary standpoint, yes. I want to fight him because I want to fuck you. And it really has nothing to do with anything more progressive than evolution, because I legitimately like Victor. Legitimately.”

“No, I believe you. I’m mad at him right now, but Victor isn’t a bad guy.”

“No, not at all. But it’s still there.”

“Fuck or fight?”

“Yeah.”

“So what does that mean?”

“I don’t know. Maybe evolutionarily I want to fuck you.”

“But not...”

“Socially? I guess. I can’t believe we’re having this conversation.”

“I think it’s illuminating.”

“Don’t mock me.”

“I’m not, I promise.”

“I mean, I guess I got ahead of myself. But you know that, right?”

“Know what? That you get ahead of yourself easily?”

“Well, yes. But I mean...”

“That you want to fuck me?”

“No! Not strictly.”

“That you like me?”

“Just in a ‘fuck or fight’ way. Nothing stricter than that.”

“Given the choice I’d fight you, Joseph.”

“Given the choice...”

“You wouldn’t want to fight me. I’d fuck you up.”

“Sorry it had to be this way.”

“No, no, now I understand how deep your feelings go.”

“Is that a good or bad thing?”

“It’s hard to say right now. I mean, it’s not *bad*.”

“Yeah, yeah.”

“I just don’t know how I feel. I need some time. I don’t know what I want.”

“I’m not asking anything of you.”

“I know. But I still need time to think it over.”

“It’s not like we have to stop being friends.”

“Of course not.”

“We just can’t find ourselves in too many ‘fuck or fight’ situations. Things might get out of hand and we will be not held accountable for any decisions we make. Especially if...”

“I wouldn’t worry about that too much.”

“So now you know.”

“Where are you now?”

“I guess ‘fight,’ because it’s not shriveled anymore...I mean, it’s not hard, either, don’t get me wrong, it’s not some raging boner...”

“Oh okay, please stop.”

“Sorry, I just always have to be clear at all times. It’s just normal. I mean, so where *are* you anyway? Fuck or fight?”

# the red backpack